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THE AGE OF GIVING.

If we take the character of this present world from the witnesses that are continually flying about, bearing either mischief or healing on their wings—from the serial and periodical publications, we would say, and not a few of the equally ephemeral volumes, which are supposed

* To show
The very age and body of the time,
Its form and pressure—

we must be bitterly ashamed of our hard-heartedness. The rich crush the poor to the earth, listening with a cold stony smile to their cries for food. They are drones, living on the very life-blood of industry, looking upon those who labour as their slaves, doling out to them a famine-pittance for their reward, and depriving them of every opportunity of freedom and enlightenment. The English, for no other reason than that they are the wealthier people of the two, turn away with disgust from the complaints of the Irish, looking tranquilly on at their misery and starvation, and refusing either to legislate for their necessities, or to allow them a parliament of their own to do so. We are all of us, in short (that is, all of us who have any money), an arrogant, inhuman crew, elbowing our surly way through the world with buttoned-up pockets, and acting on the principle of 'Every one for himself.'

This is what the people are taught; but somehow or other the words fail to produce corresponding ideas. They are never slow to repeat them, but with as little apprehension of their sense as we ourselves had in days of yore while drawing forth our Latin rules. The reason is, that the words are neutralised by things, and so reduced to that state of no-meaning which is said to puzzle more than wit. The affairs of Ireland, every one knows, occupy vastly more of our parliamentary time in proportion than those of England; and as for Scotland, it can scarcely get a word edged in for itself during a whole session. Besides this everlasting talk about Ireland, the distresses of the same country are relieved with untiring, and perhaps unreflecting generosity to the amount of many millions sterling. In addition to a legislative provision for our own poor, which at one time swallowed up in some instances the whole annual value of the land assessed, we have charitable establishments in every town in the kingdom vying in number and magnitude with the churches. Instead of keeping the lower classes of the people in slavery by means of ignorance, we force emancipation upon them, catching up their children from the streets, and compelling them to learn. The highest intellects and warmest hearts in the country are busy night and day with projects of benevolence, which never want for funds to bring them into action. Philanthropy is the order of the day.

The only class of beggars whose doings have received any special notice is the great national gang of sham beggars, who live luxuriously on their distresses, and whose destitution is to them the purse of Fortunatus. We can tell the average incomes of shipwrecked mariners, burnt-out housekeepers, and desolate widows with a numerous progeny; we know the amount of the poor's-rate throughout the country to a guinea; we can form a fair guess at the weekly contributions in the churches; and we need not be very far wrong in aggregating the casual pence bestowed in the streets without information or inquiry. But all this affords but scanty materials for the statistics of charity. The government—sturdy beggar as it is, extorting the alms we would sometimes fain refuse—is not alone in the trade. Directorships, committees, secretariats, are spread like a network over the country, entangling their victims by all sorts of considerations but that of charitable feeling. Vast establishments, ministered to by troops of liveried servants, look down disdainfully upon us in the streets, and impress with a feeling of insignificance that public by whose 'voluntary contributions' they are supported. Our dwellings are invaded by beggars, who come with double knocks, and sit down in our drawing-rooms to argue us out of our money. Wherever we turn, we hear one universal voice resounding throughout the land; and that is the voice which says 'Give—give!' A clergyman one day lately preached a sermon in our hearing, in which he took occasion to lament that the 'world did not yet know how to give.' Had this excellent divine been asleep for thirty years? Were there ever such examples of giving as in the present day? Why, the pounds sterling given in sheer charity every year are counted not by thousands, but by millions.

It would seem, indeed, that the imputation upon the feelings of the age to which we have alluded is not only not the truth, but the reverse of the truth. The very fact of mendicancy being a great and flourishing profession, shows that there must be charitable inclinations somewhere; and this is confirmed by the other fact, that one-half of the respectable classes of the community employ themselves publicly and habitually in begging for the other half. But in England there is always a tendency to convert into a regular business what would be a temporary occupation elsewhere; and thus we find amateur beggary conducted with the same zeal, and systemised with the same art, as if the bread of the practitioners depended upon it. In the case of the respectable persons who go personally about from house to house, they would be ashamed to beg for themselves; but they look you unblushingly in the face, and say 'Give—give!' in a voice both bold and earnest when begging for others.

Much, one would think, must lie in the manner of

the thing. At one time begging consisted in asking for a few halfpence. Those days of simplicity are gone past. Nobody now asks for pence. Charity is requested through the deliberate intervention of a subscription-paper. *Subscribe* is now the word for alms; and those who, for themselves or others, ask a subscription, are quite a different class from the tattered mendicants of bygone days. Armed with a subscription-book, a world is to be had for the winning. Society is on the move. One half the population are chasing the other with subscription-books in hand; and against these engines there is no more safety than against the gun of the road-beggar in *Gil Blas*. Whether it be to send out a missionary, build a church, repair a bridge, or get up a school—sovereign is the power of a neatly-ruled and well-headed subscription-book.

We are not sure of the propriety of the distinction drawn between this begging for others and begging for ourselves. If the lady-beggar who comes to us in a five-guinea shawl would be satisfied with a shawl at a fifth part of the money, or if the gentleman-beggar who sports a gold watch would condescend to a silver one—these would be trifling sacrifices; and the difference in money, applied to their favourite charity, would save their neighbours from a visitation. But they will make no sacrifice of the kind: what they want is to be charitable with other people's money; and they even take credit to themselves for bestowing the time and trouble required in begging. These, they say, are their donation; and when added to any pecuniary mite they can afford without diminishing their little comforts, they flatter themselves that no one can deny them the praise of disinterested devotion to the cause of benevolence. This is obviously self-delusive. The same plea, if admitted, would serve the end of busy-bodies of every description. A cabinet-minister, for instance, if his fortune were large enough to make his salary of no moment, would deserve the praise of patriotism for taking the trouble to govern the country. The truth is, the respectable beggars are rarely influenced by charitable motives alone. They give up their time for the gratification of their own taste, or fancy, or ambition, and are naturally solicitous that other people should contribute their money towards the same object.

There is another class of respectable beggars whose object is confessedly selfish, and who have therefore not nerve enough to address their selected patrons face to face, but make known their wants and wishes in an epistolary form. We do not allude to what are commonly called 'begging letters,' for by this phrase are designated attempts at imposture. It would be more correct to call them 'borrowing letters,' although by this name we should attain to but little accuracy in definition. The *Joan*, however, is their conventional stalking-horse, the writers being ashamed not merely to work, but to beg. Even if there is no condition specified of return, the understanding is, that a gift, not an alms, is sought; and that the donor will at least have the satisfaction of having relieved virtue, or honour, or talent, and certainly gentility, in distress. It is true the distress is not permanent: a sudden reverse of circumstances has occurred; the applicant is at that lowest point of misery where some change must take place; and if he is destined to rise again, his deliverer must feel honoured by being selected as the agent of Providence. All that man can do the writer has done—all but work. And work he is not averse to, if it involved no change of station. He was born, however, in a particular class, and to wear a particular dress; and if he should sink to be the meanest and most ragged of his tribe, this is a misfortune, but no dishonour. But to sink to a caste beneath his own is impossible: death rather must relieve him from his misery; and the individual he had selected to rescue him from the alternative, at an expense which, with an

ample fortune like his, would rather have been a relief than a sacrifice, must expose himself by his refusal to a lifelong remorse.

This may read like irony, but it is a faithful picture of a department of correspondence far more extensive than is commonly imagined. The individuals applied to suppose that there must be something peculiar in their own position or character which lays them open in a special manner to such importunities: some of them even feel flattered: and nearly all begin by yielding a little, either through weakness or humanity, till their feelings are worn threadbare, or their clients become hopelessly numerous. It is this slight compliance which has the effect of perpetuating the system. A traditional success is handed down as a stimulant to the unfortunate who would thus ennoble generous wealth; and a possibility, however remote and visionary, continues an insuperable barrier against the industrial intermixture of caste. The melancholy thing is, that on the part of the letter-writer there is perfect good faith, and at least a sort of illegitimate delicacy. His sufferings are real, and the circumstances that occasioned them truly described; he has actually a romantic, not to say high-minded notion of the privilege and duties of fortune; and although so terribly frank in his epistolary communication (which he marks in large underlined letters 'confidential'), he feels that he would be ready to sink with shame in making such a statement to his selected patron face to face. Above all, he has a perfect confidence that he is alone, or very nearly alone, in the ingenious idea which has originated his application; and at any rate his conviction is sincere, that there is something in his case which renders his desire reasonable, and deprives the recusant patron of every justification. Thus he looks upon refusal as an injury, and measures the culpability of the individual by the amount of his revenue. 'What would five, ten, twenty, a hundred pounds have been out of so vast an income? Yet this pittance would have saved me!'

It is a curious thing this disposition of persons living in society, to look upon themselves as solitary individuals surrounded by peculiar circumstances, and reasoning and acting in a peculiar manner. Yet how few there be among us who strike out a new path! We never thrust our heads anywhere without hob or nobbing, even in the dark, with scores of other heads. An advertisement never appears in any well-circulated newspaper without stirring up many hundred individuals miraculously qualified for the business referred to. A borrowing letter is never addressed to any human being who does not receive a whole budget by the same post. The Queen-Dowager was once four days absent from her residence, and on her return found an accumulation of 300 of these communications awaiting her. Poor Queen-Dowager! Poor borrowing letter-writers!

When Jenny Lind visited England first, her gentle heart was melted by compassion for the unmerited misfortunes which, in a few instances, came in some unaccountable way under her notice. Why should these unfortunates have selected her? If they had been countrymen of her own, or even members of the musical profession, she could have understood the application; but to be addressed in this harrowing manner by the English themselves, and English of respectability, delicacy—or at least shamefacedness—and no small power of correct, not to say elegant writing, appeared to give fearful indication of the social state of that country into which she had come to gather a golden harvest. But Jenny Lind, though unable to fathom the mystery, could at least feel for the distress; and she answered some of these early applications by donations of money, presented with a touching humility, which must have greatly heightened the obligation. Time passed on, however, and a change came over the dream of the fair vocalist. The letters, at first a few trickling drops, soon became a rivulet, then a stream, and then a torrent; and when we heard last of Jenny Lind, her tears and her generosity had both dried up,

and she was accustomed to refer with a smile to her former simplicity, saying that she now *knew the English better!*

Another instance came under our personal observation. A few years ago a Hindoo gentleman called Dwarkanath Tagore made his appearance in London, and partly owing to his reputed wealth, and partly to his dignified demeanour, made a very favourable impression upon the first circles of the metropolis. He partook repeatedly even of the royal hospitality at Windsor; and although nothing more than a Calcutta merchant of respectability, he was commonly received as an 'Indian prince,' and on some occasions was actually announced, on entering a drawing-room, by the title of 'his highness.' This was the greater triumph for Dwarkanath, that in India even wealthy natives are not considered to be exactly upon a footing of equality with the English; and when the letter-writers at length found him out, and he actually saw these proud, high-caste palaces humbling themselves before him as a tutelary genius, his surprise and mystification were still greater than those of Jenny Lind. We have ourselves on more than one occasion witnessed his puzzlement; but it did not last long. Dwarkanath was a shrewd, clear-headed man; and he returned to India (where he soon after died) to publish among his countrymen that whatever airs of superiority the English might give themselves abroad, there was among them at home a very remarkable proportion of beggars and sycophants.

We do not find fault with the epistolary form selected for such applications. It has frequently its origin in proper pride; it permits the whole circumstances of the case to be fairly stated; and when names and references are given, it admits of time for investigation. What is objectionable is the address of the letter to a stranger upon whom the writer has no personal claim; and in the face of the fact—which ought to occur to the most unreflecting—that hundreds or thousands of similar letters are in all probability addressed to the same individual. 'At the worst,' says the writer, 'it is but so much trouble lost!' But the result is worse than that; it involves an infinite loss of character to the country; it hardens the feelings of the rich; while not in one case out of myriads does it benefit the necessitous.

Among the expedients resorted to for obtaining money for charitable purposes are balls, concerts, entertainments at the theatre, and bazaars or fancy fairs. A circumstance connected with these last affords a proof that the system has been overdone, and benevolence made too much a matter of business. It is the custom at such places to ask a higher price than those of the shops—a kind of rapacity sanctioned by the sacredness of the purpose; but at the bazaar held recently at Kentish Town in aid of the Aged Governesses' Institution, the purchasers, we are informed by the 'Art Journal,' even those of wealth and station, declined parting with their money except for decided bargains! This tendency to benevolent bargain-getting is not overlooked by those artists who make their market of the weaknesses of their neighbours. Every day we have packets of pins, needles, stationery, &c. sent into our houses, with intreaties to purchase for the sake of humanity—and marvellous cheapness.

But to 'write all down' is impossible. The system of beggary pervades the whole of our social life, and is so complicated, that a bare description of its machinery would fill a volume. The worst of its nuisances, however, in our opinion, is amateur beggary; and we would have all directors, committees, and private strollers, male and female, strictly questioned as to the personal sacrifices they have themselves made in the cause they advocate. To talk of their time and trouble, we have shown, is a farce: what we would hear of is the indulgences they have denied to their taste or appetite in order to swell the funds of their favourite charity. If the answers are satisfactory on this point, we will then take their respective schemes into consideration; and

when our selection is made, if there should happen to be anything left in our pockets—an improbable accident, it must be admitted, in this age of beggary—the fortunate candidate shall be welcome to the coin. L. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

A FEW weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandford affair,* I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy were chiefly these:—

Mr Bagshawe, who had been some time absent at Leamington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and at the same time directing her to have a particular bedroom aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr Robert Bristowe, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal by King early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions butcher-meat, poultry, fish, and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The lad who carried the fish home stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground-floor through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not indeed broken into, but broken out of. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant-woman barbarously murdered. The neighbours found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her nightgown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes—the produce of government stock sold out about two months previously—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house, was his nephew Robert Bristowe, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long-contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr Robert Bristowe was now nowhere to be seen or heard of; and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! As he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighbourhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the fishmonger's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him, it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and in other respects disreputable habits. The *alibi* he set up was, however, so clear and decisive, that he was

* Journal, No. 291.

but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquised at their tavern orgies; and had he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half-bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

‘What dress did he wear when he left?’

‘That which he usually wore: a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers, and Wellington boots.

The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging cap. Lieutenant James was the name indorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report no progress; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard towards the police-office but Mr Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled, and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good-morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Sacraen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognised, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night coach to

Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: ‘Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with a foraging-cap I mean—to be our fellow-passenger?’

‘Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house.’

‘Thank you: good-morning.’

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the yard. Vague undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the ‘foraging-cap’ and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the ‘north countree.’

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I despatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, and with the decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, nervous tremor always in my experience exhibited by even old practitioners in crime when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily, without causing him even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearances, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim, I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or, more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probably—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travellers. My duty, I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, ‘So I have found you at last!’ There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, ‘What the devil do you mean?’ was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

‘I beg your pardon,’ I replied; ‘the waiter told me a friend of mine, one Bagshawe, who has given me the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him.’

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristowe, he had, oddly enough, an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him

for. Surely, thought I, this man is guiltless of the crime imputed to him; and yet— At this moment the porter entered to announce the arrival of the gentleman I had sent for. I went out; and after giving the new-comer instructions not to lose sight of Mr Bristowe, hastened home to make arrangements for the journey.

Transformed, by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a heavy and elderly, well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously thoroughly drilled as to speech and behaviour towards our companions—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for starting. We found Mr Bristowe already seated; but the 'three friends,' I observed, were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining *who* were to be their fellow-travellers before venturing to coop themselves up in a space so narrow, and under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, sooth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterwards the 'all right' of the attending ostlers gave the signal for departure, and away we started.

A more silent, less social party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of 'feast of reason' each or either of us might have silently enjoyed, not a drop of 'flow of soul' welled up from one of the six insides. Every passenger seemed to have his own peculiar reasons for declining to display himself in either mental or physical prominence. Only one or two incidents—apparently unimportant, but which I carefully noted down in the tablet of my memory—occurred during the long, wearisome journey, till we stopped to dine at about thirty miles from Kendal; when I ascertained, from an overheard conversation of one of the three with the coachman, that they intended to get down at a roadside tavern more than six miles on this side of that place.

'Do you know this house they intend to stop at?' I inquired of my assistant as soon as I got him out of sight and hearing at the back of the premises.

'Quite well: it is within about two miles of Five Oaks' House.'

'Indeed! Then you must stop there too. It is necessary I should go on to Kendal with Mr Bristowe; but you can remain and watch their proceedings.'

'With all my heart.'

'But what excuse can you make for remaining there, when they know you are booked for Kendal? Fellows of that stamp are keenly suspicious; and in order to be useful, you must be entirely unsuspected.'

'Oh, leave that to me. I'll throw dust enough in their eyes to blind a hundred such as they, I warrant ye.'

'Well, we shall see. And now to dinner.'

Soon after, the coach had once more started. Mr Josiah Barnes began drinking from a stone bottle which he drew from his pocket; and so potent must have been the spirit it contained, that he became rapidly intoxicated. Not only speech, but eyes, body, arms, legs, the entire animal, by the time we reached the inn where we had agreed he should stop, was thoroughly, hopelessly drunk; and so savagely quarrelsome, too, did he become, that I expected every instant to hear my real vocation pointed out for the edification of the company. Strange to say, utterly stupid and savage as he seemed, all dangerous topics were carefully avoided. When the coach stopped, he got out—how, I know not—and reeled and tumbled into the tap-room, from which he declared he would not budge an inch till next day. Vainly did the coachman remonstrate with him upon his foolish obstinacy; he might as well have argued with a bear; and he at length determined to leave him to his drunken humour. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly. He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced,

his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowed out in a low exulting voice, 'Didn't I tell you I'd manage it nicely?' The door opened, and, in a twinkling, extremity of drunkenness, of both brain and limb, was again assumed with a perfection of acting I have never seen equalled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat. Mr Bristowe and I were now the only inside passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c. and in a few minutes, with the help of a bundle I had with me, presented to the astonished gaze of my fellow-traveller the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head inn.

'Why, what, in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?' demanded Mr Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

'I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr Bristowe,' I remarked, after a long pause; 'but you must perceive that unless the circumstances I have related to you are in some way explained, you stand in a perilous predicament.'

'You are right,' he replied, after some hesitation. 'It is a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself.'

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, opposite the gate of the Kendal prison. Mr Bristowe started, and changed colour, but instantly mastering his emotion, he calmly said, 'You of course but perform your duty; mine is not to distrust a just and all-seeing Providence.'

We entered the jail, and the necessary search of his clothes and luggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great dismay we found amongst the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dexterously hidden, a cross set with brilliants, both of which I knew, by the list forwarded to the London police, formed part of the plunder carried off from Five Oaks' House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey; whilst I was thoroughly dumbfounded by the seemingly complete demolition of the theory of innocence I had woven out of his candid open manner and unshakeable hardihood of nerve.

'I daresay the articles came to you in your sleep!' sneered the turnkey as we turned to leave the cell.

'Oh, I mechanically exclaimed, "in his sleep!" I had not thought of that!' The man stared; but I had passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.

The next morning the justice-room was densely crowded, to hear the examination of the prisoner. There was also a very numerous attendance of magistrates; the case, from the position in life of the prisoner, and the strange and mysterious circumstances of the affair altogether, having excited an extraordinary and extremely painful interest amongst all classes in the town and neighbourhood. The demeanour of the accused gentleman was anxious certainly, but withal calm and collected; and there was, I thought, a light of fortitude and conscious probity in his clear, bold eyes, which guilt never yet successfully simulated.

After the hearing of some minor evidence, the fish-monger's boy was called, and asked if he could point out the person he had seen at Five Oaks on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the

prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, 'The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see this person with his cap on before I say anything.' Mr Bristowe dashed on his foraging-cap, and the boy immediately exclaimed, 'That is the man!' Mr Cowan, a solicitor, retained by Mr Bagshawe for his nephew, objected that this was, after all, only swearing to a cap, or at best to the *ensemble* of a dress, and ought not to be received. The chairman, however, decided that it must be taken *quantum valcat*, and in corroboration of other evidence. It was next deposed by several persons that the deceased Sarah King had told them that her master's nephew had positively arrived at Five Oaks. An objection to the reception of this evidence, as partaking of the nature of 'hearsay,' was also made, and similarly overruled. Mr Bristowe begged to observe 'that Sarah King was not one of his uncle's old servants, and was entirely unknown to him: it was quite possible, therefore, that he was personally unknown to her.' The bench observed that all these observations might be fitly urged before a jury, but, in the present stage of the proceedings, were uselessly addressed to them, whose sole duty it was to ascertain if a sufficiently strong case of suspicion had been made out against the prisoner to justify his committal for trial. A constable next proved finding a portion of a letter, which he produced, in one of the offices of Five Oaks; and then Mr Bagshawe was directed to be called in. The prisoner, upon hearing this order given, exhibited great emotion, and earnestly intreated that his uncle and himself might be spared the necessity of meeting each other for the first time after a separation of several years under such circumstances.

'We can receive no evidence against you, Mr Bristowe, in your absence,' replied the chairman in a compassionate tone of voice; 'but your uncle's deposition will occupy but a few minutes. It is, however, indispensable.'

'At least, then, Mr Cowan,' said the agitated young man, 'prevent my sister from accompanying her uncle: I could not bear that.'

He was assured she would not be present; in fact she had become seriously ill through anxiety and terror; and the crowded assemblage awaited in painful silence the approach of the reluctant prosecutor. He presently appeared—a venerable, white-haired man; seventy years old at least he seemed, his form bowed by age and grief, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sorrow and dejection. 'Uncle!' cried the prisoner, springing towards him. The aged man looked up, seemed to read in the clear countenance of his nephew a full refutation of the suspicions entertained against him, tottered forwards with outspread arms, and, in the words of the Sacred text, 'fell upon his neck, and wept,' exclaiming in choking accents, 'Forgive me—forgive me, Robert, that I ever for a moment doubted you. Mary never did—never, Robert; not for an instant.'

A profound silence prevailed during this outburst of feeling, and a considerable pause ensued before the usher of the court, at a gesture from the chairman, touched Mr Bagshawe's arm, and begged his attention to the bench. 'Certainly, certainly,' said he, hastily wiping his eyes, and turning towards the court. 'My sister's child, gentlemen,' he added appealingly, 'who has lived with me from childhood: you will excuse me, I am sure.'

'There needs no excuse, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman kindly; 'but it is necessary this unhappy business should be proceeded with. Hand the witness the portion of the letter found at Five Oaks. Now, is that your handwriting; and is it a portion of the letter you sent to your nephew, informing him of the large sum of money kept for a particular purpose at Five Oaks?'

'It is.'

'Now,' said the clerk to the magistrates, addressing

me, 'please to produce the articles in your possession.'

I laid the Spanish coin and the cross upon the table.

'Please to look at those two articles, Mr Bagshawe,' said the chairman. 'Now, sir, on your oath, are they a portion of the property of which you have been robbed?'

The aged gentleman stooped forward and examined them earnestly; then turned and looked with quivering eyes, if I may be allowed the expression, in his nephew's face; but returned no answer to the question.

'It is necessary you should reply, Yes or No, Mr Bagshawe,' said the clerk.

'Answer, uncle,' said the prisoner soothingly: 'fear not for me. God and my innocence to aid, I shall yet break through the web of villany in which I at present seem hopelessly involved.'

'Bless you, Robert—bless you! I am sure you will. Yes, gentlemen, the cross and coin on the table are part of the property carried off.'

A smothered groan, indicative of the sorrowing sympathy felt for the venerable gentleman, arose from the crowded court on hearing this declaration. I then deposed to finding them as previously stated. As soon as I concluded, the magistrates consulted together for a few minutes; and then the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said, 'I have to inform you that the bench are agreed that sufficient evidence has been adduced against you to warrant them in fully committing you for trial. We are of course bound to hear anything you have to say; but such being our intention, your professional adviser will perhaps recommend you to reserve whatever defence you have to make for another tribunal: here it could not avail you.'

Mr Cowan expressed his concurrence in the intimation of the magistrate; but the prisoner vehemently protested against sanctioning by his silence the accusation preferred against him.

'I have nothing to reserve,' he exclaimed with passionate energy; 'nothing to conceal. I will not owe my acquittal of this foul charge to any trick of lawyer-craft. If I may not come out of this investigation with an untainted name, I desire not to escape at all. The defence, or rather the suggestive facts I have to offer for the consideration of the bench are these:—On the evening of the day I received my uncle's letter I went to Drury Lane theatre, remaining out very late. On my return to the hotel, I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, which contained not only that letter, and a considerable sum in bank-notes, but papers of great professional importance to me. It was too late to adopt any measures for its recovery that night; and the next morning, as I was dressing myself to go out, in order to apprise the police authorities of my loss, I was informed that a gentleman desired to see me instantly on important business. He was shown up, and announced himself to be a detective police-officer: the robbery I had sustained had been revealed by an accomplice, and it was necessary I should immediately accompany him. We left the hotel together; and after consuming the entire day in perambulating all sorts of by-streets, and calling at several suspicious-looking places, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping, doubtless, to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-travelling required warmer apparel. This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a greatcoat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough travelling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at

Scotland Yard of what had happened, and afterwards booked myself by the night coach for Kendal. This is all I have to say.

This strange story did not produce the slightest effect upon the bench, and very little upon the auditory, and yet I felt satisfied it was strictly true. It was not half ingenious enough for a made-up story. Mr Bagshawe, I should have stated, had been led out of the justice-hall immediately after he had finished his deposition.

'Then, Mr Bristowe,' said the magistrate's clerk, 'assuming this curious narrative to be correct, you will be easily able to prove an *alibi*?'

'I have thought over that, Mr Clerk,' returned the prisoner mildly, 'and must confess that, remembering how I was dressed and wrapped up—that I saw but few persons, and those casually and briefly, I have strong misgivings of my power to do so.'

'That is perhaps the less to be lamented,' replied the county clerk in a sneering tone, 'inasmuch as the possession of those articles,' pointing to the cross and coin on the table, 'would necessitate another equally probable though quite different story.'

'That is a circumstance,' replied the prisoner in the same calm tone as before, 'which I cannot in the slightest manner account for.'

No more was said, and the order for his committal to the county jail at Appleby on the charge of 'wilful murder' was given to the clerk. At this moment a hastily-scrawled note from Barnes was placed in my hands. I had no sooner glanced over it, than I applied to the magistrates for an adjournment till the morrow, on the ground that I could then produce an important witness, whose evidence at the trial it was necessary to assure. The application was, as a matter of course, complied with; the prisoner was remanded till the next day, and the court adjourned.

As I accompanied Mr Bristowe to the vehicle in waiting to reconvey him to jail, I could not forbear whispering, 'Be of good heart, sir, we shall unravel this mystery yet, depend upon it.' He looked keenly at me; and then, without other reply than a warm pressure of the hand, jumped into the carriage.

'Well, Barnes,' I exclaimed as soon as we were in a room by ourselves, and the door closed, 'what is it you have discovered?'

'That the murderers of Sarah King are yonder at the Talbot where you left me.'

'Yes: so I gather from your note. But what evidence have you to support your assertion?'

'This! Trusting to my apparent drunken imbecility, they occasionally dropped words in my presence which convinced me not only that they were the guilty parties, but that they had come down here to carry off the plate, somewhere concealed in the neighbourhood. This they mean to do to-night.'

'Anything more?'

'Yes. You know I am a ventriloquist in a small way, as well as a bit of a mimic: well, I took occasion when that youngest of the rascals—the one that sat beside Mr Bristowe, and got out on the top of the coach the second evening, because, freezing cold as it was, he said the inside was too hot and close—'

'Oh, I remember. Dolt that I was, not to recall it before. But go on.'

'Well, he and I were alone together in the parlour about three hours ago—I dead tipsy as ever—when he suddenly heard the voice of Sarah King at his elbow exclaiming, "Who is that in the plate closet?" If you had seen the start of horror which he gave, the terror which shook his failing limbs as he glanced round the apartment, you would no longer have entertained a doubt on the matter.'

'This is scarcely judicial proof, Barnes; but I dare say we shall be able to make something of it. You return immediately; about nightfall I will join you in my former disguise.'

It was early in the evening when I entered the Tal-

bot, and seated myself in the parlour. Our three friends were present, and so was Barnes.

'Is not that fellow sober yet?' I demanded of one of them.

'No; he has been lying about drinking and snoring ever since. He went to bed, I hear, this afternoon; but he appears to be little the better for it.'

I had an opportunity soon afterwards of speaking to Barnes privately, and found that one of the fellows had brought a chaise-cart and horse from Kendal, and that all three were to depart in about an hour, under pretence of reaching a town about fourteen miles distant, where they intended to sleep. My plan was immediately taken: I returned to the parlour, and watching my opportunity, whispered into the ear of the young gentleman whose nerves had been so shaken by Barnes' ventriloquism, and who, by the way, was my old acquaintance—'Dick Staples, I want a word with you in the next room.' I spoke in my natural voice, and lifted, for his especial study and edification, the wig from my forehead. He was thunderstruck; and his teeth chattered with terror. His two companions were absorbed over a low game at cards, and did not observe us. 'Come,' I continued in the same whisper, 'there is not a moment to lose; if you would save yourself, follow me!' He did so, and I led him into an adjoining apartment, closed the door, and drawing a pistol from my coat-pocket, said—'You perceive, Staples, that the game is up: you personated Mr Bristowe at his uncle's house at Five Oaks, dressed in a precisely similar suit of clothes to that which he wears. You murdered the servant'—

'No—no—no, not I,' gasped the wretch; 'not I: I did not strike her'—

'At all events you were present, and that, as far as the gallows is concerned, is the same thing. You also picked that gentleman's pocket during our journey from London, and placed one of the stolen Spanish pieces in his purse; you then went on the roof of the coach, and by some ingenious means or other contrived to secrete a cross set with brilliants in his portmanteau.'

'What shall I do—what shall I do?' screamed the fellow, half dead with fear, and slipping down on a chair; 'what shall I do to save my life—my life?'

'First get up and listen. If you are not the actual murderer'—

'I am not—upon my soul I am not!'

'If you are not, you will probably be admitted king's evidence; though, mind, I make no promises. Now, what is the plan of operations for carrying off the booty?'

'They are going in the chaise-cart almost immediately to take it up: it is hidden in the coise yonder. I am to remain here, in order to give an alarm should any suspicion be excited, by showing two candles at our bedroom window; and if all keeps right, I am to join them at the cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile from hence.'

'All right. Now return to the parlour: I will follow you; and remember that on the slightest hint of treachery I will shoot you as I would a dog.'

About a quarter of an hour afterwards his two confederates set off in the chaise-cart: I, Barnes, and Staples, cautiously followed, the latter handcuffed, and superintended by the ostler of the inn, whom I for the nonce pressed into the king's service. The night was pitch dark fortunately, and the noise of the cart-wheels effectually drowned the sound of our footsteps. At length the cart stopped; the men got out, and were soon busily engaged in transferring the buried plate to the cart. We cautiously approached, and were soon within a yard or two of them, still unperceived.

'Get into the cart,' said one of them to the other, 'and I will hand the things up to you.' His companion obeyed.

'Hollo!' cried the fellow, 'I thought I told you'—

'That you are nabbed at last!' I exclaimed, tripping him suddenly up. 'Barnes, hold the horse's head.

Now, sir, attempt to budge an inch out of that cart, and I'll send a bullet through your brains.' The surprise was complete; and so terror-stricken were they, that neither resistance nor escape was attempted. They were soon handcuffed and otherwise secured; the remainder of the plate was placed in the cart; and we made the best of our way to Kendal jail, where I had the honour of lodging them at about nine o'clock in the evening. The news, late as it was, spread like wild-fire, and innumerable were the congratulations which awaited me when I reached the inn where I lodged. But that which recompensed me a thousandfold for what I had done, was the fervent embrace in which the white-haired uncle, risen from his bed to assure himself of the truth of the news, locked me, as he called down blessings from Heaven upon my head! There are blessed moments even in the life of a police-officer.

Mr Bristowe was of course liberated on the following morning; Staples was admitted king's evidence; and one of his accomplices—the actual murderer—was hanged, the other transported. A considerable portion of the property was also recovered. The gentleman who—to give time and opportunity for the perpetration of the burglary, suggested by the perusal of Mr Bagshaw's letter—induced Mr Bristowe to accompany him to Bristol, was soon afterwards transported for another offence.

A WORD ON INK.

THE ancients knew better how to make ink of a durable colour than we do. Modern inks are metallic preparations, and on this account they are liable to deterioration by atmospheric action. The cause of the superiority of inks of old date has been earnestly and satisfactorily investigated by Professor Traill. It appears that up to the fourteenth century, the inks employed for the purposes of writing on manuscripts were almost, without an exception, fluids in which the deep-colouring material was not metallic, but carbonaceous matter. From that time to the present, however, a preparation much resembling our present fluid was employed, to the inexpressible regret of antiquarian manuscript-lovers, and possibly to the serious loss of many historical facts of value. From this period, therefore, as a general rule, commences that race of yellowish, reddish, or greenish-coloured manuscripts, which no patience can decipher, nor any means satisfactorily restore to life. Although it appears probable that occasionally metallic ingredients were added to the ancient ink, yet there can now exist no doubt that the persistence of colour by which they are distinguished was entirely due to the carbonaceous matter employed in their composition.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader that the most common writing fluid employed without discrimination by most classes of our community is a tanno-gallate of iron, with the addition occasionally of mucilage, gum, indigo, or sugar, for the purposes of giving it a 'japan' lustre or intensity of hue. When first placed on paper, it is in a state of low combination with oxygen; hence its pale colour; but after a few hours' exposure to the oxygen of the air, it passes into the higher condition of oxidation, and assumes that depth of hue which makes it valuable as a recording agent. If the change stopped here all would be well, and a better preparation need not be inquired after. But in process of time, that ever-active agent, the atmospheric oxygen, decomposes the compound: its vegetable acids, the tannic and gallic, undergo destructive changes, and become converted into simpler forms of matter; and their base, the oxide of iron, becomes common rust, assuming that brownish red colour so well known under the title of that substance. Here, then, we have the true chemical cause of

the altered aspect of our time-defaced writings. These changes are undoubtedly more or less rapid according to the good or bad qualities of the ink, or of the material upon which it rests. But in no case, while such remains its composition, can they be ultimately prevented from occurring; and if any author will look over a heap of his rough drafts seven or eight years old—or if any tradesman will turn to the pages of his day-book or ledger for that period—he will obtain full confirmation of our assertion, and find that the self-deleting process has already advanced several stages in such writings. The chemical agency employed in the manufacture of our writing papers, especially of the inferior qualities, rapidly assists such changes, and diminishes, by a long interval, the lapse of time necessary to blot the record off the page to which it was, in over-careless confidence, committed for safe keeping. Nor is this all. The discovery of the powerful gaseous body chlorine made the subject still more important. This reagent dissolved in water, or in union with other bodies, such as antimony, almost instantly removes every trace of ink from the paper on which it was written; and by means of a pen dipped in these liquids it was the easiest thing in the world—and unfortunately the facility still remains in too large a number of cases—for a fraudulent person to pencil over any important writing to insure its complete erasure from the material on which it was recorded. Behold, therefore, the door opened to every evil-doer over whom the terrors of the law, divine or human, exercise no control! How easy to alter a valuable document, to erase one name from a deed or will, and insert another! Surely, then, the consideration that in a fluid of this abominably unstable character were recorded the titles and fortunes of an immense number of persons, was sufficiently alarming to have long since caused its abolition from our desks! No: neither the positive certainty of ultimate deletion, nor the excessive risk of fraudulent erasure, has been sufficient to upset the old ink dynasty, and establish a new one on a less sandy basis. The fickle tanno-gallate of iron is still the vehicle of our records to posterity, and the insecure medium for the transaction of our most important commercial affairs. The enormous extent to which fraud has thus extended, without calling into action a simple and sufficient check, can scarcely be believed. On the continent it is even more appalling than in our own country. But amongst ourselves, it has frequently been productive of very serious consequences. The Scottish banks have suffered most seriously on several occasions, and that at no very distant period, from forgeries of the most artful kind perpetrated upon them, solely in consequence of the unsafe medium employed in drawing out orders upon them. The stratagems by which these were accomplished have generally been of the following character:—Bank-orders for small sums were obtained on some of their country branches; the blank space in the engraved bill was filled up as usual in writing with common ink; thus, 'Five — pounds.' The dash following the word *five* was erased by some of the common chemical means, and the word *hundred* inserted in its place! The orders were paid without suspicion, and the fraud was only discovered when it was too late to apprehend the offenders. Even lemon juice has been successfully employed for such or similar purposes. To all these defects let us add that, apart from its decaying and fading character, our common ink has several most disagreeable attributes, which alone might have led us to be on the look-out for another. In a few weeks it becomes covered with a dense layer of minute *mucous* or mould; after standing a little time, it gets viscid, ropy, and unfit for use; and lastly, in time its colouring-matter precipitates to the bottom, and the ink becomes less and less valuable for the purposes of correspondence.

It must not be supposed, from what has been written, that men of science have not attempted to improve the nature and add durability to our ordinary writing-fluids. Of so much consequence did it appear to the French Royal Academy of Science, that they offered a prize for the best composition of universal application which would obviate all the defects of ordinary ink. It is a

remarkable circumstance, and we believe we are correct in relating it, that this prize for so apparently simple an object *was never gained*. The Academy at length appointed a Commission to inquire into the subject; and it is somewhat humiliating to find M. Dulong some time after—during a discussion upon the merits of some paper prepared so as to prevent, as was pretended, the removal of characters written upon it—reminding the Academy that the Commission had demonstrated that the surest means of rendering written characters indelible was to use *Indian ink*! dissolved in water with a slight mixture of some acid, more particularly the hydrochloric. The requisites to constitute a really good ink are, that it should flow freely from the pen, dry quickly, be of deep colour, take a firm hold of the paper, and be indelible either by time or chemistry. Attempts have been therefore made to improve upon the composition of ordinary metallic ink; and in a paper communicated to the Society of Arts, Dr Bostock states that he conceives the principal causes of its bad qualities are the mucilage, tan, and extractive matter which it contains. He devised several ways of precipitating these last, and conceived he separated the whole of the first ingredient by skimming off the mould until no more appeared on the surface of the ink. He recommends as the best diluent of thick ink a strong decoction of *coffee*. Common ink may be prevented from becoming mouldy by the addition of a grain or two of corrosive sublimate, or by a drop or two of some essential oil; but its badness being the result of its chemical composition, renders all attempts at its improvement nugatory; so that the only real remedy is a substitute for it. The basis, in the greater number of the proposed substitutes, is finely-levigated carbon; and this has been ingeniously mixed in various ways with essential oils, solutions of caoutchouc, and of glue; but in all cases without any tolerable success—the oily inks smearing the paper, and the others refusing to flow in smooth and even lines over its surface. Were it not that it can be removed from paper by washing with water, very probably the beautiful ink known as Chinese ink, when genuine, would come nearest the mark. The colouring-matter here is a beautiful description of lamp-black, obtained in the following curious manner:—A long chamber a hundred feet in length, constructed of bamboo covered with paper, is divided into a number of compartments; and at one extremity a vessel containing some essential oil, and giving forth, when lit, a dense black smoke, is placed: the soot collects in delicate flakes in the different dissepiments, the finest of course in the last; and it is this which is employed in the manufacture of the best Chinese ink. M. Merimée says it contains not glue, but vegetable juices, which give it its brilliancy of hue. A little musk or camphor is added as a perfume. At one of the meetings of the Linnean Society, Dr Cox recommended an inky fluid which oozed out of some curious fungi; which was of a deep dark colour, indelible by the sun's rays or by chlorine gas, but destroyed by muriatic acid; which, however, would destroy the texture of the paper itself. Could these fungi be collected in sufficient quantities, it would perhaps be worth a trial. More recently, an ink has been invented under the title *Manganese Ink*, prepared, as we should suppose, with the black oxide of that body; but of its properties we are ignorant. We should imagine, however, from the density of the substance such ink professes to contain, that it would be unsuitable for the purpose of an ordinary writing-fluid, being necessarily thick and viscid to hold the manganese in suspension. Dr Ure says, that by decomposing the vanadate of ammonia with infusion of gall-nuts, an excellent ink is obtained, at once black and perfectly indelible; but the scarce metal vanadium must become a little more abundant before it can be so applied on the large scale. The Messrs Dobbs and Co., whose stationery has rendered them famous, a year or two ago brought out what they were pleased to call the *Queen's Ink and Paper*. The paper was a prepared material, and the ink some fluid which, when written thereon, produced an ink-like colour. These prepared papers have been many times tried, but without success; and even if successful

there is a complication about the process which does not suit mercantile views at all. The effects of such papers are often very curious, and where not otherwise useful, may be made use of as an amusement. What, for example, can be more singular than to write with a limpid fluid clear as water, using a solution of the bichloride of mercury upon a paper impregnated with the iodide of potassium, and, behold, every letter turns to a lovely crimson! A curious passage in Pliny seems to have led Professor Traill to a discovery which, in spite of its apparent insignificance, we justly consider to be among the most important in applied chemistry—a good, fluent, black, indelible, unchangeable ink! Pliny recommends, among other receipts for the preparation of ink, an ink made of carbonaceous matter diffused in a solution of animal glue in vinegar. The only difference between Dr Traill's ink and this is, that instead of animal glue, he uses *vegetable gluten*. But this simple discovery was not arrived at without labour and expense; and to form an adequate conception of the thorough investigation Professor Traill instituted on the whole subject, it is only necessary to refer to his paper, printed in the 14th volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.' In the true and generous spirit of the best philosophy, he has there detailed, without reserve, the process by which he prepares this valuable fluid; and desirous as we are to effect a revolution in the kingdom of metallic ink, and to put a worthier ruler of its important affairs at its head, we cannot do better than transfer the process from those to these pages. The first step is the preparation of the gluten. If a small mass of dough is kneaded underneath a little stream of water for some time, it will be found that it has parted with all the starch it contained, and that only a tough, sticky mass is left in the hand. The more carefully this is done, the purer will the remaining gluten be. Now, to ten parts of the liquid sold by chemists under the name of pyroligneous acid, which is an impure acetic acid, one and a-half parts of gluten are to be added, and the whole left in a covered vessel, and submitted to a gentle heat. In about twenty-four hours a solution of the gluten is effected, and a saponaceous fluid remains. To form this into an ink, the very finest lamp-black must be procured, and used in the proportion of from eight to twelve grains to each ounce of the liquid, rubbing it quite smooth with a pestle and mortar. When this operation is completed, the fluid is quite ready for use, and will be found completely to fulfil all those postulates which the constitution of a good and permanent writing fluid demands. The addition of a little bruised allspice, cloves, or cinnamon, gives the liquid an agreeable aroma. This ink has been subjected to the most severe tests. In a solution of chlorine gas strong enough to bleach in a few minutes the blackest writing-ink, a slip of paper written with the new ink remained *twenty-four hours* without the least change, and was subsequently exposed for *seventy-two hours* to its influence with the same result. Exposed to the sun and air, it only became of a more intense black hue, and was more firmly fixed in the paper.

It was not in the least affected by water, strong alkalis, or acids, not even the pyroligneous acid. Like every other ink, it may be washed off parchment, the surface of that substance refusing its admission to the texture of the material; but for every other purpose it is incomparably superior to every ink now in use. Professor Traill modestly writes:—'It is only offered as a writing-ink well suited for the drawing out of bills, deeds, or wills, or wherever it is important to prevent alteration of sums of money, or of signatures, as well as for handing down to posterity public records in a less perishable material than common ink.' It is perhaps one of the best testimonials to its value, that it is exclusively employed now in several large commercial houses and banks, and in the National Bank of Scotland.

Setting aside the value of this discovery, as affording a faithful and imperishable recording fluid, we would urge its extensive adoption as a preventive of fraud. No one who knows human nature will doubt the expediency of hedging up, so far as is practicable, the narrow road of rectitude; and by this means, we believe, not only

would an additional security be given to the honest, but an additional, and apparently insurmountable difficulty would be put before the path of those who are unhappily otherwise inclined.

PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH, DRAWN BY A FRENCHWOMAN.

AN unpretending-looking brochure has accidentally fallen into our hands, which undertakes to give, within the limits of some seventy pages, an account of the 'Manners and Customs of the English.* Its pretensions are necessarily more lofty than its outward appearance indicates; for very comprehensive powers of observation, and great concentration of language, are to be inferred from so small a book, which professes to treat so extensive and varied a subject. It should, therefore, excite no disappointment when it is found that the pretensions of the title are not wholly borne out in the succeeding pages. Indeed the profession of the authoress has not afforded her the best possible course of study, or the widest field of observation for her subject. Foreign statesmen, lawyers, university professors, historians, political economists, and even French cooks and German princes, have, during their travels and their leisure hours, 'modestly discovered that of ourselves which yet we knew not of.' But this is the first time, so far as we know, that British manners and customs have ever been criticised between the figures of a quadrille or the steps of a Polka; for be it known that the serious business of this authoress's life, her mission upon earth, is—to dance. She only, it seems, condescends to literature during her leisure; and like Sarah Battle between hard-fought rubbers at whist, 'unbends over a book.' Mrs Whittaker is, in fact, one of the numerous teachers whom the 'manners and customs' of the revolutionary continent have driven thence to find employment in peaceful England. She 'imparts' (that is now the professional periphrasis for the verb to teach) dancing.

Such books as the one before us, however full of mistakes, may be always consulted with advantage. Pictures of ourselves, painted by foreign artists, possess the power prayed for by Burns when he sung—

'Oh wad some power the gittis gie us
To see oursel as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.'

The literary mirror held up to English nature by our dancing-mistress is not without its moral, but it would have given a clearer, stronger, and more salutary reflection of our faults, had she not unhappily spiced her few truths with a great many errors. Let us, however, be thankful for the truths she tells us, and take warning from her blunders.

The strictures of the dancing-mistress on the saltatory manners and customs of English people are entitled to all respect, as in this department she adheres to the good old Latin rule, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*—('for the cobbler sticks to his last'): in other words, the dancer does not go beyond her pumps. She is presumed to be thoroughly conversant with the subject, and her opinions on it are to be received with the reverence due to the dicta of a professor. The following anecdotes are characteristic, and cleverly told:—

'In my profession I have been tolerably successful; but as this is a very aristocratic country, professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society to what they do in Paris. Of this, however, I will tell you more hereafter. I had a visit this morning from a very stout gentleman (a wealthy apothecary), who said he wished to learn dancing; but never having learnt before in his life, he requested that the first few lessons might be private. This I of course acceded to, and desired him

to come on the following day. The gentleman was punctual to a minute; but previous to commencing, he came up to me and said with great seriousness, "Madam, I think I told you that I had never learnt dancing in my life, but I forgot at the same time to mention that I have not the slightest idea of music. Will you, therefore, have the kindness to tell me, must I jump to every note you strike on the piano?" Being little prepared for this speech, it required my utmost efforts to avoid breaking out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I even longed to say "Yes," merely for the purpose of seeing what he would do; but this would not have been consistent with my professional character; composing, therefore, my countenance as well as I could, I merely said, "No; not quite to every note." "Perhaps, then," added he, with equal simplicity, "you will be good enough to tell me each time I am to jump?" "Oh yes, yes," said I; this time turning round, lest he should see my countenance. I then placed myself at the piano, whilst the gentleman stood in the middle of the room, giving me many inquiring looks, to know when he was to begin. At last I nodded assent, kept on playing, and found he had an excellent ear for music, of which he was not at all aware.

'My next applicant was, I think, a mathematician; he was a tall young man, rather pale, and of gentlemanly appearance. He said that he wished very much to learn to waltz, and begged I would tell him who had written the best work on the subject. My assurances that he could never learn to waltz by means of a book were useless; he repeatedly said that he should prefer that method to any other. Not being able, therefore, to give him the name of any author who had written on the subject of waltzing, the young gentleman took his leave; and how far he has been successful in his search I leave you to guess.'

The rude neglect shown to persons of the class to which our authoress belongs is set forth in a contrast drawn between a French and an English quadrille party:—'In a former letter I mentioned that professors hold a very different rank in the scale of society in London to what they do in Paris. In order to acquaint you with the manner in which they are looked upon in the two capitals, I will give you a description of two quadrille parties, one in London, and the other in Paris, at both of which I was engaged to act the part of musician. They were both houses of the same standing—that is, as I believe, eminent lawyers—and to one and the other I was a complete stranger. To begin, then, with the one in Paris. No sooner was I announced, than the gentleman of the house came out to meet me, and took possession of my music book, whilst the lady herself assisted in taking off my shawl. I was then introduced as one of the guests; the latter endeavouring to make themselves as agreeable to me as did the host and hostess themselves. When the dancing had commenced, and I had played one or two quadrilles and Polkas, a lady, whom I had never seen before, came up to me and said in the most gracious manner, "I am not going to allow you to fatigue yourself; it's my turn now." I readily gave up the piano to her intreaties, and during the remainder of the evening we each played and danced by turns. On my departure, I was as much thanked by the lady and gentleman of the house as though they had been the obliged party instead of myself.

'Now let me tell you how these things are managed in London. One evening as I was sitting alone ruminating on the state of affairs in Paris, a message was brought me that a lady, living at a considerable distance, wished to speak to me. Being naturally anxious to know for what purpose, I was not long in answering to the demand. No sooner had I arrived at the house, and given my name, than I perceived the servants were evidently perplexed to know where to place me; for the first allowed me to remain in the passage, then a second scolded the first for having done so; at last I got seated in a parlour, where, after remaining for a considerable

* Letters on the Manners and Customs of the English. By Mrs Whittaker. London: Ebers.

time, a servant came to request I would walk up stairs. I was then shown into a back drawing-room, where a lady, handsomely dressed, was sitting alone; and, as I entered, neither rose from her seat, nor invited me to take one. There appeared to me something so extremely awkward in this manner of speaking, that I should myself have taken a seat uninvited; but not seeing the necessity of prolonging my stay, considered it as well to take my leave. I had walked a considerable distance to be told that I should be required on the following evening to play at a small quadrille party. I went accordingly. Few words were addressed to me during the evening, with the exception of those that were absolutely necessary; one lady, however, quitting her partner in the quadrille, ran up to me and said, "Vous êtes Français, madame?"—"Are you a Frenchman, madam?" Without smiling at the pardonable mistake, I replied in the affirmative, and the lady ran back to her partner. Nothing remarkable occurred during the remainder of the evening, unless it be worth while to mention that display was the order of the day, and that the supper-table was loaded with numerous luxuries that the climate and the season did not produce. When I departed, the lady of the house forgot to return me her thanks; and I took my leave not a little satisfied at being able to add a trifle more to the manners and customs of the English.

Mrs Whittaker should remember that in no country, not even in her own, do persons hired to play dance-music at *per evening* hold a very high rank in society. In Sweden, such an employment is considered beneath the dignity of a professional musician, and is performed by men-servants and waiters, most of whom number the ability to play quadrilles and waltzes on the piano-forte amongst their domestic accomplishments. Still, the above personage administers a proper censure. In some classes of society—we may especially instance the 'vulgar rich'—a vast amount of supercilious ill-breeding is expended upon persons whom they pay.

Mrs Whittaker is justly severe on the mode in which our young women are educated and introduced into the world. It is too true that they are seldom or never bred to fill with credit and usefulness the station which their parents occupy. They are taught to look higher; hence a host of flimsy accomplishments are thrust upon them, for the sole end of captivating some man moving in a higher sphere than their own. It is forgotten that solid accomplishments adorn any rank, and while they do not restrain spinsters from looking upward, fit them for the duties of all stations. What is termed a 'good match' appears to be the be-all and end-all of every English young lady's training, desires, and conduct, from the days of her pupillage to the day of her marriage. Mrs Whittaker recounts a wholesome little story which tells upon this failing by force of contrast:—"I recollect a young French girl named Amelie, whose sole occupation consisted in making up small parcels of chocolate behind the counter of a magnificent shop in the Rue Vivienne. Amelie was exceedingly pretty, and had numerous offers of marriage, all of which, however, she declined. This conduct appeared rather singular, and Amelie was questioned by her parents as to the cause of her refusing so many offers. "I have no objection to marry," replied the noble-minded girl, "provided I can meet with a husband on whom I can look as my equal; but all the proposals I have had as yet have been from men considerably wealthier than myself. I am willing to become the companion of a poor man, but will never consent to be the slave of a rich one."

The folly of going, for the sake of display, to great expense in giving entertainments, which are all the more gratifying the simpler they are prepared, is thus exposed:—"When the English give a ball or a quadrille party, they go to a great deal more expense than is necessary. In many families it is looked upon as quite an event, and is talked of for a month, ay, six months previously; then there are such preparations and discussions, so many purchases, and as much fuss and

anxiety, as though the whole family were going on a voyage to Australia. Then, to see the supper table, one would suppose that none of the guests were expected to have dined for a week. There is, besides, a total absence of Sirop de Groseille, Orgeat, Bavaoise, &c. &c. which always obliges me on such occasions to ask for sugar and water: this invariably creates some merriment, and induces the English to imagine that in Paris we drink nothing else. Then there is an abundance of foreign wines, such as it takes some time for foreigners to habituate themselves to, having never tasted anything like them in foreign countries. These wines of course add greatly to the expense of the entertainment; and although tastes may differ, I certainly think a cooling beverage would be more wholesome, and better suited to the occasion. The consequence of all this is, that few persons can afford to give balls, or at least can only give them very seldom, which is principally to be regretted on the grounds that young women cannot often be indulged in an amusement that is so necessary for their health, and in which so many of them seem to place their sole happiness."

Thus far our Terpsichorean censor may be followed without dissent, and with some degree of instruction; but when she travels beyond her dancing-school, and talks of matters of which she is either quite ignorant or but insufficiently informed, her misconceptions are amusing. Her knowledge of the Clubs of London is thus set forth:—"The English have pulled down all their convents, and have erected monasteries in the place of them; for such, indeed, is the fittest name for those immense buildings in London called Clubs." Let her be assured that the modern monks of the United Service, the Athenæum, and the Travellers, are not such severe recluses as the monks of old, and that the rules of the Reform are not nearly so stringent as the rules of St Martin or La Trappe. At page 25 the lady says that these monasteries are erected in every street and square in the capital. She has been imposed upon. The Clubs of London do not number more than thirty; and nearly all of them lie in one street and one square—namely, Pall-Mall and St James's Square.

But these are trifling errors, compared with others, which the nimble-footed authoress has been betrayed into in consequence of going entirely out of her depth. One chapter of the best cookery book extant—the *Philologie du Godt*—is on 'The End of the World,' and in the bagatelle before us an account is given of English burials. In this we are told that it is a common practice in this country to bury persons alive! "That these cases are very numerous," she says, "there can be no doubt, from the many instances that have occurred of persons recovering just at the time when preparations were making for their interment; whilst others, less fortunate, have only been aroused when it has been too late to render them any assistance. To enumerate all the cases of this kind that have come under my own particular knowledge, would probably be taking up more of your time to read than is necessary. Not satisfied with the various accounts that have appeared from time to time in the public papers, I have also made numerous inquiries, and have seldom met with a middle-aged or elderly person who could not add to my stock of information on the subject." She adds, that several medical men have written on the subject, recommending caution to the public; and that one of the tests applied in such cases is the application of brandy to the soles of the feet, and afterwards setting fire to it. The lady displays her physiological learning by assuring her friend that, although it is true the dead are kept eight days before burial, that period is 'of course' not long enough to show whether the vital spark has really fled, 'lethargies lasting,' she adds at p. 49, 'six weeks, or even longer.'

We must not, however, as is too common in such cases, exult over this poor lady's ignorance. Travellers and book-makers are too abundant in this country to warrant laughter at her expense. When we have

lady book-wrights who place Constantinople on the Danube, and fill up sketches of Parisian and Rhenish manners with bad French and impossible German, we must not be too hard on a lively dancing-mistress when she ceases to point her toe for the purpose of sharpening her pen against us. Let us rather take a dispassionate view of the real absurdities with which we abound, and try to correct them; and be all the more careful what we ourselves say of our neighbours, when we contemplate recording their failings in small pamphlets or portly octavos.

LYCANTHROPY.

WHOEVER has read the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' will be acquainted with the words goul and vampire. A goul was believed to be a being in the human form, who frequented graveyards and cemeteries, where it disinterred, tore to pieces, and devoured the bodies buried there. A vampire was a dead person, who came out of his grave at night to suck the blood of the living, and whoever was so sucked became a vampire in his turn when he died. Both these persuasions have been rejected by the modern scientific world as altogether unworthy of credence or inquiry, although, about a century ago, the exploits of vampires created such a sensation in Hungary, that they reached the ears of Louis XV., who directed his minister at Vienna to report upon them. In a newspaper of that period there appeared a paragraph to the effect that Arnold Paul, a native of Madveiga, being crushed to death by a wagon, and buried, had since become a vampire, and that he had himself been previously bitten by one. The authorities being informed of the terror his visits were occasioning, and several persons having died with all the symptoms of vampyrism, his grave was solemnly opened; and although he had been in it forty days, the body was like that of a living man. To cure his roving propensities a stake was driven into it, whereupon he uttered a cry; after which his head was cut off, and the body burnt. Four other bodies which had died from the consequences of his bites, and which were found in the same perfectly healthy condition, were served in a similar manner; and it was hoped that these vigorous measures would extinguish the mischief. But no such thing: the evil continued more or less, and five years afterwards was so rife, that the authorities determined to make a thorough clearance of these troublesome individuals. On this occasion a vast number of graves were opened of persons of all ages and both sexes; and strange to say, the bodies of all those accused of plaguing the living by their nocturnal visits were found in the vampire state—full of blood, and free from every symptom of death. The documents which record these transactions bear the date of June 7, 1732, and are signed and witnessed by three surgeons and other creditable persons. The facts, in short, are indubitable, though what interpretation to put upon them remains extremely difficult. One that has been suggested is, that all these supposed vampires were persons who had fallen into a state of catalepsy or trance, and been buried alive. However this may be, the mystery is sufficiently perplexing; and the more so, that through the whole of Eastern Europe innumerable instances of the same kind of thing have occurred, whilst each language has an especial word to designate it.

That which in the East is called 'goulism' has in the West been denominated 'lycanthropy,' or 'wolfomania;' and this phenomenon, as well as vampyrism, has been treated of by numerous ancient authors; and though latterly utterly denied and scouted, was once very generally believed.

There are various shades and degrees of lycanthropy. In some cases the lycanthrope declares that he has the power of transforming himself into a wolf, in which disguise—his tastes corresponding to his form—he delights in feeding on human flesh; and in the public examinations of these unhappy individuals there was

no scarcity of witnesses to corroborate their confessions. In other instances there was no transformation, and the lycanthrope appears more closely to resemble a goul.

In the year 1603, a case of lycanthropy was brought before the parliament of Bordeaux. The person accused was a boy of fourteen, called Jean Grenier, who herded cattle. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, came forward as his accusers, declaring that he had attacked and wounded them in the disguise of a wolf, and would have killed them but for the vigorous defence they made with sticks. Jean Grenier himself avowed the crime, confessing to having killed and eaten several children; and the father of the children confirmed all he said. Jean Grenier, however, appears to have been little removed from an idiot.

In the fifteenth century lycanthropy prevailed extensively amongst the Vaudois, and many persons suffered death for it; but as no similar case seems to have been heard of for a long while, lycanthropy and goulism were set down amongst the superstitions of the East, and the follies and fables of the dark ages. A circumstance, however, has just now come to light in France that throws a strange and unexpected light upon this curious subject. The account we are going to give is drawn from a report of the investigation before a council of war, held on the 10th of the present month (July 1849), Colonel Manselon president. It is remarked that the court was extremely crowded, and that many ladies were present.

The facts of this mysterious affair, as they came to light in the examinations, are as follow:—For some months past the cemeteries in and around Paris have been the scenes of a frightful profanation, the authors of which had succeeded in eluding all the vigilance that was exerted to detect them. At one time the guardians or keepers of these places of burial were themselves suspected; at others, the odium was thrown on the surviving relations of the dead.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise was the first field of these horrible operations. It appears that for a considerable time the guardians had observed a mysterious figure flitting about by night amongst the tombs, on whom they never could lay their hands. As they approached, he disappeared like a phantom; and even the dogs that were let loose, and urged to seize him, stopped short, and ceased to bark, as if they were transfixed by a charm. When morning broke, the ravages of this strange visitant were but too visible—graves had been opened, coffins forced, and the remains of the dead, frightfully torn and mutilated, lay scattered upon the earth. Could the surgeons be the guilty parties? No. A member of the profession being brought to the spot, declared that no scientific knife had been there; but certain parts of the human body might be required for anatomical studies, and the gravediggers might have violated the tombs to obtain money by the sale of them. . . . The watch was doubled; but to no purpose. A young soldier was one night seized in a tomb, but he declared he had gone there to meet his sweetheart, and had fallen asleep; and as he evinced no trepidation, they let him go.

At length these profanations ceased in Père la Chaise, but it was not long before they were renewed in another quarter. A suburban cemetery was the new theatre of operations. A little girl, aged seven years, and much loved by her parents, died. With their own hands they laid her in her coffin, attired in the frock she delighted to wear on fête days, and with her favourite playthings beside her; and accompanied by numerous relatives and friends, they saw her laid in the earth. On the following morning it was discovered that the grave had been violated, the body torn from the coffin, frightfully mutilated, and the heart extracted. There was no robbery: the sensation in the neighbourhood was tremendous; and in the general terror and perplexity, suspicion fell on the broken-hearted father, whose innocence, however, was easily proved. Every means were taken to discover the criminal; but the

only result of the increased surveillance was, that the scene of profanation was removed to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, where the exhumations were carried to such an extent, that the authorities were at their wits' end. Considering, by the way, that all these cemeteries are surrounded by walls, and have iron gates, which are kept closed, it certainly seems very strange that any goul or vampire of solid flesh and blood should have been able to pursue his vocation so long undiscovered. However, so it was; and it was not till they bethought themselves of laying a snare for this mysterious visitor that he was detected. Having remarked a spot where the wall, though nine feet high, appeared to have been frequently scaled, an old officer contrived a sort of *infernal machine*, with a wire attached to it, which he so arranged that it should explode if any one attempted to enter the cemetery at that point. This done, and a watch being set, they thought themselves now secure of their purpose. Accordingly, at midnight an explosion roused the guardians, who perceived a man already in the cemetery; but before they could seize him, he had leapt the wall with an agility that confounded them; and although they fired their pieces after him, he succeeded in making his escape. But his footsteps were marked by the blood that had flowed from his wounds, and several scraps of military attire were picked up on the spot. Nevertheless, they seem to have been still uncertain where to seek the offender, till one of the gravediggers of Mont Parnasse, whilst preparing the last resting-place of two criminals about to be executed, chanced to overhear some sappers of the 74th regiment remarking that one of their sergeants had returned on the preceding night cruelly wounded, nobody knew how, and had been conveyed to the Val de Grace, which is a military hospital. A little inquiry now soon cleared up the mystery; and it was ascertained that Sergeant Bertrand was the author of all these profanations, and of many others of the same description previous to his arrival in Paris.

Supported on crutches, wrapped in a gray cloak, pale and feeble, Bertrand was now brought forward for examination; nor was there anything in the countenance or appearance of this young man indicative of the fearful monomania of which he is the victim; for the whole tenor of his confession proves that in no other light is his horrible propensity to be considered.

In the first place, he freely acknowledged himself the author of these violations of the dead both in Paris and elsewhere.

'What object did you propose to yourself in committing these acts?' inquired the president.

'I cannot tell,' replied Bertrand: 'it was a horrible impulse. I was driven to it against my own will: nothing could stop or deter me. I cannot describe nor understand myself what my sensations were in tearing and rending these bodies.'

President. And what did you do after one of these visits to a cemetery?

Bertrand. I withdrew, trembling convulsively, feeling a great desire for repose. I fell asleep, no matter where, and slept for several hours; but during this sleep I heard everything that passed around me! I have sometimes exhumed from ten to fifteen bodies in a night. I dug them up with my hands, which were often torn and bleeding with the labour I underwent; but I minded nothing, so that I could get at them. The guardians fired at me one night and wounded me, but that did not prevent my returning the next. This desire seized me generally about once a fortnight.

He added, that he had had no access of this propensity since he was in the hospital, but that he would not be sure it might not return when his wounds were healed. Still he hoped not. 'I think I am cured,' said he. 'I had never seen any one die; in the hospital I have seen several of my comrades expire by my side. I believe I am cured, for now I fear the dead.'

The surgeons who attended him were then examined, and one of them read a sort of memoir he had received

from Bertrand, which contained the history of his malady as far as his memory served him.

From these notes, it appears that there had been something singular and abnormal about him from the time he was seven or eight years old. It was not so much in acts, as in his love of solitude and his profound melancholy that the aberration was exhibited; and it was not till two years ago that his frightful peculiarity fully developed itself. Passing a cemetery one day, where the gravediggers were covering a body that had just been interred, he entered to observe them. A violent shower of rain interrupted their labours, which they left unfinished. 'At this sight,' says Bertrand, 'horrible desires seized me: my head throbbled, my heart palpitated violently; I excused myself to my companions, and returned hastily into town. No sooner did I find myself alone, than I procured a spade, and returned to the cemetery. I had just succeeded in exhuming the body, when I saw a peasant watching me at the gate. Whilst he went to inform the authorities of what he had seen, I withdrew, and retiring into a neighbouring wood, I laid myself down, and in spite of the torrents of rain that were falling, I remained there in a state of profound insensibility for several hours.'

From this period he appears to have given free course to his inclinations; but as he generally covered the mutilated remains with earth again, it was some time before his proceedings excited observation. He had many narrow escapes of being taken or killed by the pistols of the guardians; but his agility seems to have been almost superhuman.

To the living he was gentle and kind, and was especially beloved in his regiment for his frankness and gaiety!

The medical men interrogated unanimously gave it as their opinion, that although in all other respects perfectly sane, Bertrand was not responsible for these acts. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, during which time measures will doubtless be taken to complete his cure.

In relating this curious case of the *Vampire*, as he is called in Paris, where the affair has excited considerable attention, especially in the medical world, we have omitted several painful and disgusting particulars; but we have said enough to prove that, beyond a doubt, there has been some good foundation for the ancient belief in goulism and lycanthropy; and that the books of Dr Weir and others, in which the existence of this malady is contemptuously denied, have been put forth without due investigation of the subject.

THE CITY OF THE SUN.

ONE of the pleasantest rides in the neighbourhood of Cairo is to Heliopolis, or the City of the Sun—at least in my opinion; for some greatly prefer the Shubra avenue, and its four miles of sycamores and acacias. Though I have my preferences, my taste is Catholic enough; and I admit that so vast a canopy, broken into only here and there by little patches of sunshine, through which immense loads of green clover and bur-sim, piled on the backs of staggering donkeys or stately camels, are constantly gleaming—with views of broad fields, bright reaches of the Nile, groves interspersed with villages and minarets and tombs, the Desert and the Pyramids—I admit, I say, that all this is very beautiful. I always felt, however, an inclination to turn off into the by-paths, and exchange the level road for some lane rugged with ruts, or some track across a meadow.

The way by which I first went to Heliopolis is entirely of this character. After passing the Iron Gate—as one of the numerous exits from Cairo is named, though why, there exists no visible reason—we soon got among the fields, and began to wind about through a most delightfully rural tract. The interminable avenue of Shubra retired towards the horizon on our left; on our right were gardens interspersed with palaces; and beyond

stretched the Desert and the mountain ridges. Behind, the minarets of Cairo and its fortified citadel occasionally appeared through the trees; whilst at the extremity of the plain ahead extended a long grove, above which we could soon see the tall obelisk that remains almost alone to indicate the site of the once celebrated city.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the beauty of the tract of country we were traversing, because it is a kind of beauty entirely local and unique. I set aside the great features I have above alluded to, which rose upon the near horizon on every side, and served as a kind of framework to the picture. The plain itself, though undiversified by a single mound or single swell, presented sufficient objects to attract our attention. A whole sketch-book might have been filled during this ride with charming studies of nature. At one place there was a water-wheel turned by two huge black buffaloes, with a half-naked Arab brat squatting close by to keep up the excitement with a long jereed. A vast sycamore with gnarled trunk and wide-spreading branches threw its shadows over this group. The melancholy creaking of the wheel was not unpleasant when mellowed by distance. A swift rannel shot round the trunk of the tree, and glanced like a streak of silver across the fields. Further on, a few Arab huts clustered in a grove of palms; whilst near at hand the white dome of a sheik's tomb, or the minaret of a mosque glittered in the glorious sunshine. Sometimes we proceeded through lanes lined with acacias, which tremulously shook their thin leaves in a sort of local breeze that seemed to hang murmuring amongst their branches, but could be felt nowhere else. Then we traversed broad expanses of burm of true emerald green, into the midst of which great flights of paddy-birds—called by travellers the white ibis—sank like giant flakes of snow into the sea. At intervals these fields were bounded by single or double rows of trees of graceful outline, such as were reproduced of old by Hellenic pencils on the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were cypresses, and all varieties of the mimosa; and there were palms and sycamores, and olive and mulberry, and orange, and lemon, and citron-trees. All these were disposed in an infinite variety of groups—sometimes developed in long files, sometimes disposed as in a European orchard, sometimes crowded together in masses. I must add, that luxuriant crops of wheat and barley, and beans and lentils, and lupins and chick-peas, and *damieh* and *melochiyeh* (the glutinous vegetables that form a great part of the food of the people), covered the country; which was further interspersed with immense fields of sugar-cane. Nothing can exceed the fertility of the land in this province. Nature is as prodigal of her bounties as the heart of man can wish; and if we meet wretchedly-clad and miserable-looking human beings moving through these rich scenes, like grim and dirty insects over a robe of silk, it is because bad government can neutralise upon this earth all the blessings of Providence.

A couple of hours brought us to the mounds which mark the line of the ancient fortifications of Heliopolis. These fortifications were formed of large unburnt bricks about eighteen inches long, as we could discover at places where some Arab workmen were digging to take away the earth to make such bricks as men make in these degenerate days. A village, and several gardens and fields, and pools of water, diversified the enclosed space; in the centre of which, in a garden defended by a good fence, rose the obelisk we had come to see. A number of children crowded round us as soon as we made our appearance; and after some search, the key of the gate was procured. Fortunately, the regular guide—I have a particular dislike to professional guides—was absent; and so we were permitted to loiter about as we pleased under the trees of the orchard. We found the obelisk to be surrounded with a moat, cleared out to show its true proportions; for the constantly-rising soil had buried its base. The sides are covered with deeply-cut hieroglyphics in most excellent preservation. Towards

the west, however, we found them to be entirely covered up with a crust of earth; and it was some time before we discovered that this had been deposited by the innumerable wild bees which were buzzing about, and had chosen these classical nooks as their residence.

After we had spent some time in admiring this beautiful monument, we began to think of obtaining some refreshment, and made inquiries whether there was any coffee to be got in the village. At first the answer was in the negative; but presently an Armenian girl came forward, and said that if we would wait a while she would provide us with what we wanted in the garden. So we sat down on the ground under the shade of the olive and orange-trees, and smoked our chibouks in patience. It appeared, from the fragments of conversation we overheard, that there was some difficulty in supplying our wants. The mother of the Armenian girl had coffee, but she had not sufficient cups: these it was necessary to borrow of the sheik of the village. A messenger went to his house, but he was from home, and his wife could scarcely be prevailed upon to lend his property. At length all these little matters were arranged, and the fragrant beverage, burning hot, was at length served up to us. A few piastres—part in payment, part in the shape of presents—rewarded these poor people for the trouble they had taken; and we returned by way of Matarieh, which almost deserves the name of a town. It had formerly been fortified against the attacks of the Arabs of the Desert. At the entrance of every street were traces of a gateway, at one time regularly closed up every night. These precautions, however, were not needed during the latter part of Mohammed Ali's government—which monopolised the privilege of extortion, instead of allowing it to be exercised by every petty Bedouin chief. I doubt whether the Egyptians have gained by the change. The irregular oppression of a weak government and a marauding race of borderers was bad enough, but certainly did not produce all the fatal effects of the present admirably-organized system of robbery. The blessings of order are great, but the experience of the Egyptian peasant seems to prove that even anarchy is more favourable to individual happiness than an iron despotism. Wherever the system of forced labour prevails, there must be almost general misery. I have known instances of respectable shopkeepers being seized and dragged to work in a government manufactory at one piastre a day. No man is sure of being able to attend to his field when his presence is most required; for every now and then a general sweep is made throughout a whole district, and the population is driven off *en masse* to labour at some useless public works.

From Matarieh we proceeded to another interesting spot—the garden which Abbas Pasha has caused to be laid out round the tree of the Madona. We approached the gate down a lane through a thick grove of orange and other trees. On obtaining admission, we advanced at once to the interesting object we had come to visit. The first feeling was one of disappointment. We beheld a mere fragment of the trunk of a tree, with some young branches sprouting out here and there. The whole mass of the foliage was not greater than that of a good-sized apple-tree. The trunk itself, however, bore evidence of immense antiquity; and we soon learned that a great portion had been cleared away, that one of the cross-paths might not be obstructed! This was a genuine piece of Egyptian workmanship—a garden created for the preservation of an object, and the object itself destroyed for the purposes of symmetry. The remnant of the trunk was covered with names of pilgrims, some of considerable antiquity, but none of course sufficiently ancient to countenance the popular traditions. Our imaginations were therefore left to themselves. We were at perfect liberty to believe or disbelieve that on this spot, either under this tree or its parent stock, eighteen hundred years ago, the Virgin Mary paused to rest after her perilous journey over the Desert; and that in a fountain hard by she washed the

infant Jesus. There was no room for controversy on the subject: it was reduced to a matter of sentiment: and some of us therefore discarded the story altogether, while others received it. All were pleased with the visit, and went away with something additional to talk about in times to come.

I have omitted all allusion to the celebrated feat of arms performed by the French on the ground we traversed, because our thoughts during the whole ride were either carried back to a much more remote period, or were occupied with the objects that actually presented themselves to our view. The roar of battle had passed over that spot, and a harvest of glory had been reaped there; but fifty other harvests have since waved above the unmarked graves of Frank and Moslem: the plough has effaced the cannon rut: the humble peasant has trodden out the footsteps of heroes. The peaceful monuments of the district, however—the tree and the obelisk—still remain, and will no doubt, for ages to come, continue to attract thither the antiquary and the Christian pilgrim. We returned by a different road, skirting the gardens of several palaces, and soon reached, to our regret, the dusty environs of Cairo.

STATISTICS OF EMIGRATION.

On this subject is given the following statement in the 'Times,' condensed from the annual Report of the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, just published:—

'It appears that while the average emigration from the United Kingdom during the ten years ending in 1846 was about 84,000 persons (74,000 to America, and 10,000 to the Australian colonies), the number who left in 1847 was 258,270, and in 1848, 248,089. In the latter year the total to North America was 219,293; but of these 188,233 proceeded to the United States, and only 31,065 to the British colonies. About 85 per cent. were Irish; and it has been stated that they were this year generally of a better class than those of former years, and that the whole body carried with them considerable capital. This, however, cannot be ascertained. The emigration agents at New York and Quebec describe the great mass as being in a state of poverty; but emigrants with money are generally very anxious to conceal it. With regard to the sums remitted from America to enable relatives to emigrate, no accurate information can be given. It is certain, however, that the amount paid in the United States for passages, or remitted to this country, was, during the year 1848, upwards of £460,000; and it is inferred that three-fourths of the whole expense of the emigration from Ireland last year was thus defrayed by those who had emigrated in previous years. The commissioners have no means of ascertaining the result of the emigration to the United States generally; but they assume, from the absence of complaint on the subject, that it was, on the whole, unaccompanied by sickness, and that the emigrants have been able to find employment.

'The Report of the Emigration Commissioners of New York states that the personal condition in which the emigrants arrived was very much better than in 1847—that no instance had been discovered of actual insufficiency of provisions on the voyage—and that the cases of death and sickness had been comparatively small. Much of the increased comfort of the passage is attributed to the New York liners having, since the establishment of steam-packets, come to depend very much on steerage passengers, for whom there is, consequently, a greatly-increased competition.

'With regard to the Australian colonies and the Cape of Good Hope, it appears that since November 1847, when the renewed emigration was commenced to New South Wales, the total emigration has been 28,153, of whom the number despatched in 1848 was 18,611. Of the entire number, 9556 went to Sydney, 9076 to Port Philip, 8631 to Adelaide, and 795 to the Cape of Good Hope. As respects the contributions raised in this country in aid of emigration, the commissioners remark that they are more limited than is usually supposed. Out of the three parties who are interested in the movement—namely, the colonists, who need labour; the labourers, who seek employment; and the parishes, which are relieved of a superabundant

population, the former, at least in the case of the Australian colonies, contribute in each instance about L.14 (the cost of passage, which is supplied from the land fund); while the two latter contribute only about L.5, which may be taken as the average expenses of bed-money, outfit, and cost of conveyance to the port of embarkation. At the same time the commissioners point out that the contribution on the part of parishes or labourers is not likely to increase, since the labourer rarely has any means, and it is possible to send an emigrant to Canada or the United States for L.4, 10s. The commissioners describe the instances in which they have relaxed their rules in promoting the emigration of parties who are ineligible under the ordinary regulations for an absolutely free passage, but to whom it seemed desirable to give a passage upon their contributing a portion of its cost. Among these were several of the English workmen who were forced to leave France after the Revolution in 1848, also seventy-one young women from Ireland, and 150 scholars from the Ragged Schools of London. A table of rules has been framed, under which these assisted passages may be granted; and the total number who have availed themselves of the opportunity is 2992, consisting chiefly of artisans. According to the latest accounts from Sydney and Port Philip, the commissioners learn that it would not be prudent to despatch more than three ships a month to the former, and two to the latter. The rate at which ships have been despatched to each of these districts since the commencement of 1848 has been rather more than two a month. From South Australia, whither the Irish orphan emigrant girls were sent, a report has been received that, within a fortnight of their arrival, owing to their good conduct, not one of these girls, fit for service, remained unemployed, and that 200 more could readily have met with situations. From New Zealand it is mentioned that the force of emigrant pensioners now amounts to 643 men, and that in the neighbourhood of their villages the price of land has rapidly advanced. The number of emigrants despatched to New Zealand since 1847 has been 1005, of whom 757 were for Otago. With regard to Canada, the accounts as to the means of employing emigrants are not encouraging, although the prospect is good for small capitalists. The emigration last year was 27,939, of whom 7355 proceeded to the United States. To New Brunswick the emigration in 1848 was 4020 persons, being a great decrease as compared with the two preceding years. It appears also that almost all this number, as well as 5000 other inhabitants of the province, have lately made their way to the United States. To Nova Scotia and Cape Breton the emigration in 1847 was 2000, and in 1848 only 140 persons. As respects the present prospects of emigration, it appears that it is now going on at even a more rapid rate than during the past two years, when the amount was unprecedented. While the emigration of 1847 and 1848 exceeded that of 1846 by 99 and 91 per cent. respectively, the emigration of the first four months of the present year from the ports at which we have agents has exceeded that of the same period of 1847 by 15 per cent., and of 1848 by 40 per cent. The actual numbers have been—

First four months of 1847,	90,714
... .. 1848, .	74,929
... .. 1849, .	104,701.

JUVENILE REFUGE AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY IN WESTMINSTER.

That building might long have been designated by its present name. But a few years ago, and it was a *refuge* for juvenile thieves, and a *school* in which they were industriously trained in the arts of deception and plunder. A part of the process is thus described by an eye-witness:—'Let us look in at the upper room—(now the girls' school). Here were fifty youths met around their master—as able a one in his calling as England could produce—listening with undivided attention to his instructions on the "map" (a pair of trousers suspended from the ceiling) on the subject of "fobology," or pocket-picking. After this course of tuition, the next was the mock trial—an imitation of the Old Bailey Court, with a *fac simile* of its functionaries and ordeal, done with very great taste, and calculated to make the young rascal not only expert in extracting from the fob or pocket, but clever in defence. To encourage the young novice in his first essay, he was supplied with a glass of gin below in the tap—(now the dining-room of the children). If successful, then he returned for the purpose of reporting

his success, and having a game at skittles in the skittle-ground—(now the boys' school-room.) For many years this system of education was carried on without molestation; for so desperate were the parties engaged in it, that even the police were afraid to interfere. At last they removed to another public-house, a few yards off, now known as 'The Working-Men's Institute.' For a considerable time were the same practices carried on in the new dwelling, until circumstances compelled the landlord to give it up. But although this focus of crime was abandoned, the conduct of these outlaws of society remained unchanged. The streams had run too long and too deep to be so easily dried up. Hundreds of youths are now prowling the streets of the metropolis who were educated in these nurseries of crime, acquainted with no other means of living than robbery and theft. Groups of them may be seen, in the company of men grown gray in sin, standing about the corners of Duck Lane and Old Pye Street, rambling with the very gold and silver they have stolen from the unsuspecting shopkeeper, or extracted from the pockets of the street-passenger. Would you believe it, reader, that some of those ragged fellows may be found sitting beside you in your pew at church, dressed as respectably, and even more fashionably than yourself, and who will watch the opportunity of your departure, to relieve either you or some of your fellow-worshippers of the money you may have in your possession? A friend of ours lately asked a young man if he ever went to church. 'I often go,' said he: 'I prefer going to St M—'s, because I do most business there.'—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

WATER.

Large quantities of rain-water have frequently been collected and examined by Dr Smith, and he says, 'I am now satisfied that dust really comes down with the purest rain, and that it is simply coal ashes.' No doubt this accounts for the quantity of sulphites and chlorides in the rain, and for the soot, which are the chief ingredients. The rain is also often alkaline—arising probably from the ammonia of the burnt coal, which is no doubt a valuable agent for neutralising the sulphuric acid so often found. The rain-water of Manchester is about 2½ degrees of hardness, harder, in fact, than the water from the neighbouring hills which the town intends to use. This can only arise from the ingredients obtained in the town atmosphere. But the most curious point is the fact, that organic matter is never absent, although the rain be continued for whole days. The state of the air is closely connected with that of the water: what the air contains, the water may absorb; what the water has dissolved or absorbed, it may give out to the air. The enormous quantity of impure matter filtering from all parts of a large town into its many natural and artificial outlets, does at the first view present us with a terrible picture of our underground sources of water. But when we examine the soil of a town, we do not find the state of matters to present that exaggerated character which we might suppose. The sand at the Chelsea Water-works contains only 1-43 per cent. of organic matter after being used for weeks. In 1827 Liebig found nitrates in 12 wells in Giessen, but none in wells two or three hundred yards from the town. Dr Smith has examined thirty wells in Manchester, and he finds nitrates in them all. Many contained a surprising quantity, and were very nauseous. The examination of various wells in the metropolis showed the constant formation of nitric acid, and in many wells an enormous quantity was detected. The presence of the nitrates in the London water prevents the formation of any vegetable matter; no vegetation can be detected even by a microscope, after a long period. The Thames water has been examined from water near its source to the metropolis, and an increasing amount of impurity detected. All the water of great towns contains organic matter; water purifies itself from organic matter in various ways, but particularly by converting it into nitrates: water can never stand long with advantage, unless on a large scale, and should be used when collected, or as soon as filtered.—*Kentish Independent.*

IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.

As a natural corollary from the proposition that falsehood, the principle of the repulsion of particles, is the world's bane, so truth, the principle of the attraction of cohesion, is its greatest blessing. Again, I must declare that every idea we utter during our little life lives hereafter in some shape or other, and bears fruit after its kind, which may be gathered long in the lapse of time, or in the very antipodes. Every true man—that is, every man who utters

unequivocally what he believes—is a benefactor to his country, nay, more, a benefactor to the world; for he has sown a seed that will fructify for ever. It is trite to inculcate the doctrine that truth is essential for happiness, but people moralise with cut-and-dried admonitions, without thinking of the immediate causes that make truth so necessary to cultivate. I desire to see the utilitarian principles of truth a part and parcel of education. In our National Schools especially, I should desire to see the strict observance a matter of as much study as the very alphabet; and I should like to inculcate the belief, that truth of thought and truth of utterance are as necessary to 'get a man on in the world' as the knowledge of knowing a good shilling from a bad one. I know of no sentence ever uttered by human lips more likely to produce a luxuriance of evil than the part playful, part serious assertion, that 'language was given us to hide our thoughts.' The converse is the one thing needful, and were it not for the large amount of truthfulness which is yet to be found in mankind, society, like a gas decomposed, would be resolved into its original elements, the warning of which we receive by the explosions the wonder-struck world has lately been witnessing. Enough, however, of this; and let us console ourselves that the time is coming—a time, perhaps, purchased by bloodshed and the horror of war—when the rulers of the world will discover that they must govern more by the heart, more by its affections, more by the ties of human sympathy, and less by the diplomatic cunning of mis-called Machiavel policy, or, what is much the same, by a system of cold-blooded reason and red tape. . . . Let every man strive to utter what he believes, and whenever he accomplishes a conquest over falsehood, he has cast a sterling coin into the treasury of the world that will one day purchase its redemption.—*Affection, its Flowers and Fruits.*

MY BLANKET SHAWL.

OLD friend, ance mair come frae the kist,
For ye're a fricn' that ne'er grew caul';
Ye digitet aye the hidden tear—
My wae, my weal-worn Blanket Shawl!
Oh wae is me! that dreafu' nicht
My lammie's feetie grew sae caul'!
Within thy faulds she breathed her last—
Thou sad, thou sacred Blanket Shawl!
And when I gae'd to sell my tapes,
To screen the rest frae want and cauld,
I feared the sight o' faces kent,
An' owre me drew my Blanket Shawl.
When queans wad answer to my rap
Wi' uppish gait and voices baul',
I turned awa' maist like to drap,
An' tichter drew my Blanket Shawl.
Ungratefu' body that I wae!
I sudna been sae stung wathal:
I sud hae fixed my thoughts on Him
Wha aye saw through my Blanket Shawl.
But better fortune smiles on me,
My liddies noo are stoot and tall—
But aye I hear a manly sigh
When oot I tak my Blanket Shawl!

J. M.

SONG OF THE WILD FLOWER.

ON this desolate heath, all unnoted, unknown,
I've sprung up but a mean little flower,
Yet on me are the rays of the day-ruler thrown,
And mine is the wealth of the shower.
I feel the pure breeze as it sweeps o'er the ground,
Bringing health to leaf, blossom, and stem;
And the soft dews of evening encircle me round
With full many a crystal-like gem.
Let me whisper it, then, both to simple and sage,
That I am (though so lowly my lot)
A legible letter in that beautiful page
Which can hold neither error nor blot.

MARY HUDSON.

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